

arose among the demiurges, their disunity grew to hatred. Every painter, every sculptor wanted to be the most astonishing of creators. Anonymity and humility were replaced by fame and artifice.

Man has lost his feeling for beauty. He has become unreal. In place of pyramids, temples, cathedrals, he produces deception, appearance, artifice.

Reality

Our works are structures of lines, surfaces, forms, colors. They attempt to approach reality. They hate artifice, vanity, imitation, tight-rope walking. To be sure, there are tight-rope walkers of varying talent. But art should lead to the spiritual, the real. This reality is neither objective reality, nor the subjective reality of thought, that is, ideality, but a mystical reality, toward which we stand in the relation of the eye in the following Neoplatonic image: "It removes itself from light in order to see the darkness, but it does not see; for it cannot see the darkness when there is light, but without light it does not see; by not seeing, it sees the darkness in the way that is natural to it."

Above and below

In former times man knew the meaning of above and below, he knew what was eternal and what was transitory. Man did not yet stand on his head. His houses had a floor, walls and a ceiling. The Renaissance transformed the ceiling into a fools' heaven, the walls into garden mazes, and the floor into the bottomless. Man has lost his sense of reality, the mystical, the determinate indeterminate, the greatest determinate of all.

A part of reality

Constructive art glorifies the modern, material world, progress, the machine. Neo-plastic art breaks away from the material world. A few vertical and horizontal lines, two, three colors and a "balance" are all that is left of it. In reply to an Anglo-Saxon visitor who asked if he always painted squares, Mondrian replied: "Squares? I see no squares in my pictures." Thus even squares and right angles were no longer tolerated in the world of the fine